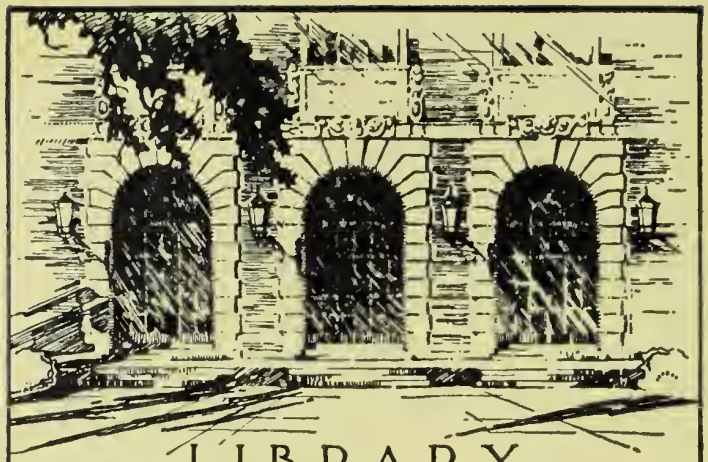
The Shilling Illustrated Edition.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN

And other New Tales

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, PUBLISHER
56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON
1867



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THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN

AND OTHER NEW TALES

TRANSLATED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

AUGUSTA PLESNER AND S. RUGELEY-POWERS

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Frontispiece.

THE LITTLE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

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"THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN,"

SAID THE MOOR-WIFE.

"THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN,"

SAID THE MOOR-WIFE.

THERE was a man who once knew so many fresh fairy-tales, but now they had slipped away from him, he said: Fairy-Tale, who used to call upon him of her own accord, no longer came knocking at his door; and why did she not come? It is true, indeed, the man had for a

year and six weeks not thought of her —not expected she would come and knock at his door; and certainly she had not been there either, for out-doors was war, and in-doors were the grief and distress which war has in its train.

Storks and swallows returned from their long journey; they thought of no danger; and then, when they came, their nests were burned down, men's houses were burned down, "the gate was out of order"—nay, it was quite gone; and the enemy's horses were trampling on the old graves.

They were hard, gloomy times; but they, too, must have an end.

And now they had come to an end, people said; but still Fairy-Tale did not knock, or let the man hear from her.

"She may perhaps be dead and gone, with the many others," said the man. But Fairy-Tale never dies.

And more than a year had passed away, and he was longing so sorely.

"Will Fairy-Tale, then, never come again and knock, I wonder!" And he remembered her so clearly in all the many shapes wherein she had ap-

peared to him—now young and beautiful like spring itself—a charming little girl with a wreath of wood-roof on her head, a beech-branch in her hand, and eyes that shone like deep forest-lakes in bright sunshine; and again she had come as a pedlar, and had opened her box, letting silk ribbons with verses and inscriptions from "Auld lang syne" flutter about; most beautiful had it been, however, when she came like a dear old mother, with silver-white hair and eyes so large and bright: then, truly, she could tell of the most ancient times,

long before the princesses spun on the golden spindle, while dragons and serpents lay outside and guarded them. Then she pictured things so vividly that there came black spots before the eyes of everyone who heard her, and the floor grew black with men's blood; it was fearful to see and fearful to listen, and yet, so delightful, for all took place so long ago.

"Will she never come again and knock, I wonder!" said the man; and he stared at the door till there came black spots before his eyes, and black

spots on the floor—whether they were blood, or mourning-crape from the recent gloomy sad days, he did not know.

And while he sat thus, it came into his mind that Fairy-Tale might perhaps have hidden herself, like the princess in the real old fairy-tales, and now wished to be sought; and that if she were found, she would shine in fresh splendour, more beautiful than ever.

"Who knows! she may lie hidden in that waste straw that is balancing on the well's brink. Pray be careful!

She may have hidden herself in some withered flower laid in one of the large books on the shelf."

And the man went over and opened one of those newest books that make men wise; but no flower lay in it; there was written about Holger the Dane; and the man read that the whole story had been invented and put together by a monk in France—that it was a romance which had been "translated and printed into the Danish tongue"—that Holger the Dane had never existed, and, therefore, could by no means come

again, as we had sung, and so fervently wished to believe. It was with Holger the Dane just as with Wilhelm Tell: they were mere names, not to be relied on; and all this was written in the book, and put together with great learning.

"Well, what I believe, I still believe," said the man: "no plantain grows where no foot has trodden."

And he shut the book, placed it again on the shelf, and turned to the fresh flowers in the window: *there,* perhaps, Fairy-Tale had hidden herself, in the red tulip with the golden

rim, or in the fresh rose, or in the bright-coloured camellia. Sunshine lay among the leaves, but not Fairy-Tale.

"The flowers that stood here during the time of sorrow were all much prettier; but they were cut off — every one — and woven into wreaths, and laid in the coffins over which the banner was spread. Perhaps Fairy-Tale was buried with those flowers! But then the flowers would have known it—the coffin would have felt it—the earth would have felt it—each little blade of

grass that shot forth must have told it. Fairy-Tale never dies.

"Perhaps she has been here and knocked; but who had then an ear or a thought for her! Gloomily and sadly—almost angrily—saw we the sunny spring, with its twittering birds and its pleasant verdure; nay, the tongue could not bring forth even the old popular songs; they were laid in the coffin, with so many other things dear to our hearts. Fairy-Tale may have knocked, indeed; but she was not heard, not welcomed, and so she has kept away.

"I will go and seek her.

"Away in the country! Away into the wood by the open strand!"

* * * *

Out there in the country, is an old mansion, with red brick walls, pointed gables, and a waving banner on its turret. Among the fine-fringed beech leaves the nightingale sings, while it looks at the blooming apple-trees in the garden and thinks their blossoms are roses. Here, while the summer sun shines, bees are busy, and with humming song they swarm round their queen. The autumn

wind tells its tale of the Wild Hunter, and of generations that pass away like the leaves of the forest. At Christmas time, is heard the song of the wild swans out from the open sea; while in-doors, in the old mansion, near the blazing fire, one feels inclined to listen to songs and tales.

Down to the old part of the garden, where the great avenue of wild chestnuts allures with its twilight, went the man who was seeking Fairy-Tale: here had the Wind once whispered to him about "Valdemar Daa and his Daughters." The Dryad

of the tree, who was Fairy-Tale herself, had told him the "Old Oak-Tree's Last Dream." In grandmother's time, trimmed hedges stood here, but now there grew only nettles and ferns, spreading over the remains of old statues; the moss grew in their eyes, but still they could see as well as before, and this, the man who was seeking Fairy-Tale could not, for he did not see her. Where was she?

Over him and the old trees, flew the crows by hundreds, cawing, "Away! Away!"

And away from the garden he went, over the bridge of the moat into the grove of alders. There, stood a little hexagonal house with a poultry-yard and duck-yard. In the middle of the room, sat the old woman who managed the whole, and knew exactly everything about each egg that was laid, and about each chicken that came out of the egg; but she was not Fairy-Tale, whom the man was seeking, and that, she could prove, by the Christian certificates of baptism and vaccination which lay in her chest of drawers.

Outside the yard, not far from the house, is a hill, with pink-thorn and laburnum; here lies an old tombstone, brought thither many years ago from the town-churchyard, as a memorial of one of the town's worthy aldermen, who is chiselled in the stone, with his wife and five daughters all standing round him in ruffs and with folded hands. One may gaze at that stone so long that it affects the thoughts, and they again affect the stone till it tells of olden times; at least, such was the case with the man who was seeking Fairy-

Tale. As he now came there, he saw a living butterfly sitting on the brow of the alderman's chiselled image; it beat with its wings, flew a little way, and settled again close by the tomb-stone, as if to show what grew there. There grew a four-leaved clover; nay, seven there were, close together. When luck comes, it comes abundantly. He plucked the clovers, and put them in his pocket. Luck is as good as ready money; yet a new beautiful fairy-tale would be still better, the man thought; but that, he did not find there.

The sun went down, red and large; the meadow reeked—the Moor-wife brewed.

* * * *

It was late in the evening, and the man stood alone in his room, looking away over the garden—over meadow, moor, and sea. The moon shone bright, but a mist lay over the meadow, making it look like a large lake; once, indeed, it had been a lake, tradition said; and now in the moonlight the tale was proved true. Then the man came to think of what he had read while in town—that

Holger the Dane and Wilhelm Tell had never lived; yet they exist in the popular belief, and like the mist-lake down yonder are living proofs of the truth. Yes, Holger the Dane will indeed come back!

While thus he stood pondering, something struck rather hard against the window. Was it a bird, a bat, or an owl? Well, them we do not let in, even if they do knock. The window burst open of itself, and an old woman looked in at the man.

"Pray who are you?" said he. "Straight into the first story, are

you looking! Are you standing on a ladder?"

"You've got a four-leaved clover in your pocket," said she; "nay, seven you've got, and one of them's a six-leaved one."

"Who are you?" asked the man.

"The Moor-wife," said she,—"the Moor-wife who brews; that was just what I was about; the tap was in the barrel, but one of the little Moor-young-ones snatched it out in mischief, and flung it straight up towards the house here, and it struck against the window; now the beer

will run out of the barrel, and that won't do."

"Pray tell me!" said the man.

"Yes, but you must wait a little, for now I've got other things to look after." And she was gone.

The man was going to shut the window, but then she appeared there again.

"Now it's done," said she; "but half the beer's wasted, and I shall have to brew again to-morrow if the weather's suitable. Well, what is it you've got to ask me about? I came back because I always keep my word,

and you've got in your pocket seven four-leaved clovers, and one of them's a six-leaved clover; that's a thing which makes one stand high; it's an order that grows by the wayside; but it's not to be found by everybody. Well, what is it you've got to ask me about? Don't stand there like a stick; I must soon be off again to my tap and barrel."

And the man asked about Fairy-Tale—asked whether the Moor-wife had seen her on the way.

"Why, my great brewing!" exclaimed the wife, "haven't you

had enough of Fairy-Tale yet? Most people now have had enough of her, I'm sure. There are other things now to care for—other things to look after. Even the children are above that. Give the little boys a cigar, and the little girls a new crinoline—those are the things they like better. Hear fairy-tales! No, indeed!—there really are other things to attend to—more important things one has to do!"

"What do you mean by that?" said the man. "And what do you know of the world? Why, you

only see frogs and Will-o'-the-Wisps!"

"Well, do beware of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," said the wife; "they're about; they've got away; of them we will talk. Only do come to me on the moor, for there I'm wanted, and then I'll tell you the whole affair; but pray make haste, while your seven four-leaved clovers and your six-leaved clover are fresh, and the moon is still up."

And the Moor-wife was gone.

* * * *

The tower-clock struck twelve, and

ere it had struck a quarter past, the man was out in the yard, went through the garden, and stood in the meadow. The mist had vanished —the Moor-wife had ceased brewing.

"You were a long while coming," said she. "Troll-things are fleeter than men, and I'm glad I was born a troll-thing."

"Well, what now have you got to tell me?" asked the man. "Is it anything about Fairy-Tale?"

"Why, can't you ever get above asking about her?" said the wife.

"Is it, then, about the poetry of future times, you can talk?" asked the man.

"Pray don't be highflown!" said the wife; "and then I'll be sure to answer. You think of nothing but your trumpery poetry; and you ask after Fairy-Tale as if she was the mistress of the whole. Why, she's only the oldest one, I dare say; but she's always taken for the youngest. I know her well, indeed! I, too, have been young, and that's no disease. I was once a very nice elfin maid, who danced with the others in the

moonlight, listened to the nightingale, and went in the wood, where I met Miss Fairy-Tale, who was always out gadding. Sometimes she would take her night's lodging in a half-opened tulip, or in a buttercup; sometimes she would slip into the church, and wrap herself in the mourning-crape that hangs from the tapers on the altar."

"You know pretty well about things," said the man.

"I should think I know as much as you do," said the Moor-wife. "Why, Fairy-Tale and Poetry are

two yards off the same piece: let them go wherever they like. All their doings and sayings can be imitated, and got much cheaper and better. From me you may get them for nothing. I've got a whole cupboard-full of poetry in bottles. It's the essence I keep—the finest part—the sweet wort and the bitter hops too. I've got in bottle everything in poetry that's necessary for men, so that they may have a little to put on their handkerchiefs on holidays, for the smell's sake."

"What queer things you are say-

ing!" exclaimed the man. "You've got poetry in bottles?"

"More than you could stand," said the wife. "You know, I dare say, the story about 'the Girl who trod on the Bread so as not to dirty her new Shoes?' It has been both written and printed."

"It was I myself who told it," said the man.

"Well, then, of course, you know it," said the wife; "and know, too, that the girl sank straight down into the earth to the Moor-wife, just as the devil's great-grandmother was

paying a visit to see the brewery. She saw the girl, and wanted to have her for an ornament, in remembrance of her visit; and she had her, and I got in return a present that's of no use to me—a traveller's medicine-chest—a perfect cupboard filled with poetry in bottles. Great-grandmother told me where the cupboard should stand, and there it stands now. Only look! Why, you've got your seven four-leaved clovers in your pocket, and one of them is six-leaved; and so you can see it, I'm sure."

And, actually, there, in the middle

of the moor, lay what seemed to be a large stump of an alder, but was in reality great-grandmother's cupboard. It was open to the Moor-wife and to everybody from any country at any time, she said, if they only knew where it stood. It could be opened behind and in front, and at all sides and corners; a perfect master-piece of art, it was, and yet it seemed nothing but an old stump of an alder. All poets of all countries —especially those of our own— were here imitated; the essence of them was distilled, analyzed, concen-

trated, and bottled. With great instinct—as we call it, when we will not say genius — great-grandmother had taken those things in nature which had a flavour of this or that poet, and had added to them a bit of devilry, and then she had his poetry in bottle for all future time.

"Well, let me see," said the man.

"Ay, but there are more important things to be heard," answered the Moor-wife.

"But now we're at the cupboard," said the man, looking into it. "Indeed, here are bottles of all sizes.

What is there in this? And what in this?"

"Here's what is called 'Odour of May,'" said the wife; "I haven't tried it, but I know if one only throws a little drop of it on the floor, there will be directly a beautiful forest-lake, with water-lilies, flowering-rush, and wild mint. If one only pours two drops of it on an old copy-book—even one from the lowest form—the book becomes a complete odour-comedy, quite fit for the stage, and for falling asleep over—so strong is its smell. I dare say it's meant

for a compliment to me that they've written on the bottle, 'Brewage of the Moor-wife.'

"Here stands the Scandal-bottle. It looks as if there was nothing in it but dirty water, and it is dirty water, with an effervescent powder of town-gossip added to it—three ounces of lies and two grains of truth, stirred round with a birch twig—not a rod that has been put in brine and laid on the sinner's bleeding body, nor a piece of the schoolmaster's birch, but one taken straight from the broom that swept the gutter.

"Here stands the bottle with pious poetry to psalm-tunes. Every drop has a sound like the bang of hell's gates, and is made of punishment's blood and sweat; some people say it's only dove's gall; but doves are the gentlest of all creatures; and folks who don't understand natural history say they have no gall."

Here stood the bottle of bottles—the bottle with "Everyday-Tales"; it occupied half the cupboard; and it was tied over with both skin and bladder, for it could not afford to lose any of its flavour. Each nation

could here have its own soup; and the different kinds came out as the bottle was turned one way or the other. There was old German blood-soup, with robber-balls; also, poor farmer's soup, with real Court-councillors lying in it like parsnips, while over them floated philosophical grease. There was English-governess-soup, and French *Potage à la Kock*, made with cocks' legs and sparrows' eggs — in Danish, called *Cancan*-soup; but the best of all the soups was the Copenhagen-soup: the family said so.

Here stood tragedy, in champagne-bottles; it could pop, and that was just what it was wanted to do. Comedy was there—that is to say, the higher Comedy—looking like dust to be thrown in people's eyes. Low Comedy was also there in bottle; but it consisted merely in future placards, wherein the names of the pieces were the most prominent thing. There were excellent names of comedies:—"Dare you spit in the Watch?" "A Slap on the Face;" "The Pet Donkey;" and "She's dead-drunk."

The man quite fell into a reverie

through all this; but the Moor-wife's thoughts went onwards, and she wished to make an end of it.

"Now, I hope you've had enough of looking into that rubbish-box," said she, "and know all that's in it; but the more important things that you ought to know, still you don't know. The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town! That's of more consequence than Poetry and Fairy-Tale. I should have held my tongue about it, but there's a Ruling Power, I'm sure—a fate or something—that overcomes me—that sends words up

into my throat, and they will come out. The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town! they've got loose! beware, you men!"

"I don't understand a single word of all you're saying," said the man.

"Please to sit down on the cupboard; but don't tumble into it and break the bottles—you know what's in them. Now, I'll tell you about the great event; it's but of yesterday; but the same has happened before. It has yet three-hundred-and-sixty-five days to come and go

upon—you know, I suppose, how many days there are in the year?"

* * * *

And the Moor-wife told,—

"Yesterday, great things were going on out here in the marsh. We had a birth-feast: a little Will-o'-the-Wisp was born; nay, twelve were born of that stock to whom is given the power of appearing, if they wish, like men, and of acting and commanding among men as if they were born men themselves. This is a great event in the marsh, and so there went dancing, like little lights,

away over moor and meadow, all the Will-o'-the-Wisps, male and female—for there are females, too, but they're not spoken of. I was sitting just there on the cupboard, and had on my lap all the little new-born Will-o'-the-Wisps; they shone like glow-worms, and began already jumping, every moment getting bigger, so that before a quarter of an hour had gone, each of them looked as big as his father or his uncle. Now, it's an old birthright law and privilege, that if the moon stands just where it stood yesterday, and the wind

blows as it blew yesterday, all the Will-o'-the-Wisps born at that hour and at that minute can become men, and use their powers out in the world around all through a whole year. The Will-o'-the-Wisp can run over the whole country, even over the whole world, if he isn't afraid of falling into the sea, or of being blown out in a heavy gale. He can rush straight into a man, and speak and act instead of him. The Will-o'-the-Wisp can assume any shape, either of men or women, and act in their spirit, only with his own eccentricity,

so that all turns out as he will; but in one year he must contrive to lead astray, out on the wrong road, three-hundred-and-sixty-five human creatures; and this he must do in grand style—must carry them clean away from what's true and right; and then he reaches the highest rank a Will-o'-the-Wisp can rise to—he becomes a runner before the devil's state-carriage, wears a fiery red suit, and has the flames straight out of his throat. After such things, a common Will-o'-the-Wisp may lick his lips. But there's also risk and a

great deal of trouble for an ambitious Will-o'-the-Wisp who means to act a part. If the man's eyes get opened to see whom he has to deal with, and he can blow out the Will-o'-the-Wisp, then it's all over with him, and he must go back into the marsh; and if before the year ends, the Will-o'-the-Wisp is overtaken by longing to return to his kindred, and gives way to it, then he's also done for; he can no longer burn clearly, and he'll soon go out, and can't be lighted again; and if the year ends and he has not yet led three-hundred-and-

sixty-five human creatures astray from truth and what's good and beautiful, then he's doomed to lie in rotten wood, without having power to move, and that's a terrible punishment to a lively Will-o'-the-Wisp. All this I knew, and I told it all to the twelve little Will-o'-the-Wisps I had on my lap, and they were quite wild with joy. I told them it was safest and easiest to give up honour, and not to do anything at all; but this the young flames wouldn't agree to: they already saw themselves glowing and fiery-red, with flames

standing out of their throats. 'Stay with us,' said some of the older ones. 'Play your tricks on men,' said the others. 'Men dry up our meadows; they drain! What will become of our descendants?'

"'We swear by the flames, we'll flame!' said the new-born Will-o'-the-Wisps.

"There was immediately a ball of a minute's length—shorter, it couldn't well be. The elfin-maidens spun round thrice with everybody, so as not to seem proud; else they like best to dance alone. Then christen-

ing-presents were given—there was 'playing at ducks and drakes,' as it's called. The presents flew like gun-flints along the moor-water. Each of the elfin-maidens gave a corner of her veil: 'Take this,' they said, 'and at once you know the higher dancing—know the most difficult swingings and turnings when you get into a scrape; you'll have the correct carriage, and be fit to show yourselves in the first company.' The Night-raven taught each of the young Will-o'-the-Wisps to say, 'Bra', bra', bravo!' and to say it in

the right places, and that's indeed a great gift, and pays well. The Owl and the Stork also dropped something; but it wasn't worth mentioning, they said, and so we won't mention it. King Valdemar's Wild Hunt was just rushing over the moor, and when the noble party heard of the feast, they sent as a present a brace of fine dogs that hunt at the speed of the wind, and can, I dare say, carry one, or, indeed, three Will-o'-the-Wisps. Two old Night-mares, who get their living by riding, were at the feast; and they

directly gave lessons in the art of slipping through a key-hole; it's just as if all doors stood open to one. They also offered to take the young Will-o'-the-Wisps to Town, where they knew about everything. Generally, they ride through the air on their own long hair, wherein they make knots, so as to have a hard seat; but now they seated themselves astride on the Wild Hunter's dogs, taking on their laps the young Will-o'-the-Wisps who were going to bewilder men, and lead them astray —whiz! they were gone! All that

happened last night. Now the Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town, and have set to work, but where, and in what way—well, you must tell me that. I've got a weather-string through my big toe—that, at any rate, will tell me something."

"This is quite a fairy-tale," said the man.

"Nay; why, it's only the beginning of one," said the wife. "But can *you* tell me where the Will-o'-the-Wisps are tossing about, how they behave, and in what shape they have appeared to lead people the wrong way?"

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"I really think," said the man, "a whole romance might be written about the Will-o'-the-Wisps—a romance in twelve volumes—one about each Will-o'-the-Wisp—or, better still, perhaps, a popular play."

"You might do it," said the wife, "or, rather, leave it alone."

"Well, that's easier and more comfortable, certainly," said the man; "one then escapes being tethered in the papers, which is often as hard as it is to a Will-o'-the-Wisp to lie in rotten wood and shine without daring to utter a sound."

"It's all the same to me," said the wife; "but you should rather leave writing to other people—to those who can do it and to those who can't. I'll give an old tap out of my barrel; it opens the cupboard with poetry in bottles, and there they can get all they are themselves short of. But you, my good man, have, I think, by this time, inked your fingers pretty well, and have now come to an age when you oughtn't every year to go hunting after fairy-tales — especially when there are much more important things to be

done. You know, I suppose, what's in the wind?"

"The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town," said the man; "I have heard it, and I have understood it; but what is it you wish me to do? I'm sure I shall be bemired all over if I see one, and say to people, 'Look, there's a Will-o'-the-Wisp going about in gentleman's clothes!'"

"Sometimes they wear petticoats," said the wife. "The Will-o'-the-Wisp can assume any shape, can appear in any place. He goes to church, but not for the sake of God

—perhaps he has rushed into the clergyman. He speaks on election-days; not for the sake of the people and the country, but for his own. He is an artist, both in the paint-pot and the theatre-pot; but if he gets the upper hand, then all goes to pot. I talk and I talk! I must let out what's sticking in my throat, though I injure my own family; but now I must become the saving-woman of human creatures. I don't do it of my own will, or to gain the medal. I know I'm doing the maddest thing I can do; I'm telling all this to a

poet, and then soon the whole Town will know."

"The Town won't lay it to heart," said the man. "Not a single person will be affected by it; they will all think I'm telling a fairy-tale when, with the most sincere earnestness, I tell them, 'The Moor-wife said, the Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town! Beware of them!'"

THE WINDMILL.

THE WINDMILL.

ON the hill stood a Windmill, looking and feeling proud.

"I'm not at all proud," said he; "but I'm very enlightened, both outwardly and inwardly. I have sun and moon for out-door use, and for in-door too; and then I have, moreover, stearine candles, train-oil lamps, and farthing candles: certainly, I'm enlightened. I am a think-

ing being; and I'm so well-shaped that it's quite a pleasure. I have a good grinder in my chest; and I have four wings, placed above on my head, just under the 'cap': the birds have only two wings, and must carry those on their back. I am by birth a Dutchman, as one can see by my build—a 'Flying Dutchman': he is reckoned among supernatural things, I know, and yet I'm quite natural. I have a gallery round my stomach, and dwelling-rooms in the lower part; there, live my thoughts. My strongest thought—the one that directs and

THE WINDMILL.

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governs—is by the other thoughts called the 'master of the mill.' He knows his own will, and he stands high above flour and grit; yet he has his match, and she's called the mother. She is the heart: she doesn't go wrong; and she, too, has a will of her own—knows what she's capable of—is mild as the summer-breeze—strong as the wind; she knows how to manage gently, and yet to gain her point. She is my softer part; father, my firmer: they are two, and yet one, and they call each other, 'my spouse.' They have some little

ones, those two—little thoughts that may grow. Those little ones just do kick up a racket! The other day, now, when I, full of deep thought, let father and his 'hands' look after the grinder and the wheels in my chest, as I wanted to know what was the matter—for there was something the matter within me, and we ought to examine ourselves—the little ones kicked up a racket; and that's not at all becoming when one like me is standing aloft on the hill: one must bear in mind one stands in light: opinion is light, too. But, as

I was going to say, the little ones made a dreadful hubbub. The smallest one rushed straight up into my 'cap,' singing till it thrilled all through me. The little thoughts can grow; that, I have felt; and from outside, too, thoughts come — not quite of my race, though, for of them I see none save myself. But the houses without wings, wherein no grinder is heard, they, too, have thoughts, which come to my thoughts, and are betrothed to them, as they call it. Very strange! Yes—there are many strange things. Some-

thing has come over me, or within me: some alteration has taken place in the machinery: it is as if father had married again, and got a still kinder heart—a still more loving mate—so young and tender, and yet the same, only gentler and humbler with the years. What was bitter has evaporated, and all is very sweet. Days pass away, and days come — always onwards towards brightness and gladness; and then—well, it is said and written, then a day comes when it will be over with me, and yet not at all over! I shall

be broken down, to rise new and better; I shall cease to be, and yet continue being—be quite another, and yet the same! This is hard to believe—enlightened though I am by sun and moon, stearine, train-oil, and tallow. My old timber and brick-work will rise again from their ruins. I hope I shall keep my old thoughts—father in the mill—mother—the big and little ones—the family, what I call the whole—one and yet so many — the whole company of thoughts; for that, I can't do without. And I must also remain my-

self, with grinder in my chest, wings on my head, and balcony round my stomach; else I shouldn't know myself; neither would the others be able to know me, and to say, 'See, there's the Mill on the hill, grand to behold, and yet not at all proud.'"

Thus spoke the Mill, and he said much more; this, however, was the most important.

And days came, and days went; and the last day came.

The Mill caught fire; the flames rose, rushed out and rushed in, licked rafters and boards, and devoured

them. The Mill fell, and only a heap of ashes was left; the smoke swept over the place of fire, and the wind carried it away.

All that had had life in the Mill remained; no harm came to it by what had happened; it only gained by it. The Mill-family—one soul, many thoughts, and yet but one—got a new, a beautiful Mill, which would do well for them: it was not at all like the old one. People said, "Why, there stands the Mill on the hill, grand to behold;" but this one was better arranged, and suited to

the more advanced times. The old timber, which was worm-eaten and fungous, lay in dust and ashes. That Mill-bulk did not arise as it had thought; it took things just literally; and everything we must not take just literally.

THE SILVER COIN.

THE SILVER COIN.

THERE was once a Coin that came bright from the Mint, jumping and ringing, "Hurrah! now I'm going out into the wide world!" And so he did.

The child held him with warm hands, and the miser, with cold, clammy ones; Middle-age turned him over and over many times, and Youth at once let him run further.

The Coin was of silver with very little copper in it; and when he had for a whole year been out in the world—that is to say, about in the country where he was minted—he went on a journey into foreign parts, and he was the last of the country's coinage which was left in his master's money-bag: indeed, his master hardly knew he had him till he felt him between his fingers.

"Why, there's yet a Coin from home!" said the master, "it shall journey with me;" and the Coin jumped and rang for joy when he

once more put him in his pocket. There he lay among his foreign comrades, who came and went, one making room for another; but he, the Coin from home, was always left: this was a distinction.

Now, already several weeks had passed, and the Coin was far away in the world, without knowing exactly where; he heard from the other Coins that they were French or Italian; one said now they were in this town, then another said they were in that; but he could not at all understand how this could be; for

one does not see much of the world when one is always in a bag, as he was. One day, however, while lying there, he noticed the bag was left open, and so he stole out just to peep round a little. Now, this he should not have done; but he felt curious; and curiosity wrought its own punishment: the Coin slipped out in the breeches-pocket; and when in the evening the money-bag was laid aside, he was left behind, and went with the clothes out into the passage, where he fell straight on the floor—heard by nobody, seen by nobody.

Next morning, the clothes were brought in ; the gentleman put them on, and went away, and the Coin did not go with him : he was found by somebody, had again to be useful, and went out with three other Coins.

"It's nice, though, to look about one in the world," he thought ; "see other people—learn other customs."

"What Coin's that?" was asked just then. "It's not a Coin of the country ; it's false; it's good for nothing."

Well, now begins the story of the Coin, as told by himself afterwards.

"'False! Good for nothing!' it darted right through me," said the Coin. "I knew I was of good silver, good ring and genuine stamp. Certainly, there must be a mistake: they couldn't mean me; and yet they did mean me, too. I, it was, they called false! I was good for nothing! 'I must pay it away in the dark,' said the man who had me; and in the dark I was paid away, to be once more abused by daylight.—'False! Good for nothing! We must try to get rid of it.'"

And the Coin trembled between

the fingers every time it had to be slipped away by stealth and to pass for a Coin of the country.

"'I, miserable Coin! Of what avail are my silver, my value, my stamp, when all go for nothing! One's place in the world is just according to what the world thinks one to be. It must indeed be dreadful to have a guilty conscience, and sneak along on the bad way, when I, who am quite innocent, can feel thus through having only the appearance of evil.' —Each time I was taken out, I shuddered to think of the eyes that would

look at me: I knew I should be pushed away, and flung across the table as if I were a lie and a sham.

"Once I went to a poor woman, who got me as daily wages for her drudgery; but she could not by any means get rid of me; nobody would take me; I was quite a trouble to her.

"'Really, I must cheat somebody with it,' said she. 'I can't afford to keep a false Coin: the rich baker may have it; he can better bear it; but still what I'm going to do is wrong.'

"'Now, I shall even burden this woman's conscience,' said I to myself. 'Have I, then, really become so altered in my old age?'

"And the woman went to the rich baker; but he knew the current coin too well: I was not permitted to remain where I was laid, but was flung in the woman's face: she got no bread for me; and I felt deeply grieved at being thus coined to do harm to others—I, who in my youth had been so happy and self-confiding, so sure of my own value and my genuine stamp. I grew so sad; just

as a poor Coin must become when nobody will have him. But the woman brought me home again; and, looking at me quite mildly and kindly, she said, 'Nay, I won't cheat anybody with you. I'll bore a hole through you, that everybody may see you're a false thing—and yet—it just strikes me—p'r'aps you're a lucky-shilling. Yes; I believe you are—that thought just strikes me. I'll bore a hole in the Coin, put a string through it, and then give it to my neighbour's little child for a lucky-shilling.'

"And she bored a hole through me.

THE SILVER COIN.

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It's never pleasant to have a hole made through one: if the intention's good, however, one can bear much. I was strung, and became a sort of medal to be worn: I was hung round the child's neck, and the little one laughed at me, and kissed me, and I rested for a whole night on its warm, innocent breast.

"In the morning, the mother took me between her fingers and looked at me; meanwhile having her own thoughts about me, as I soon had to feel. She got out her scissors and cut the string.

"'Lucky-shilling?' she said. 'Well, that we'll soon see.' And she put me into vinegar till I became green; then she puttied up the hole, rubbed me a little, and went in the twilight to the lottery-collector, to buy a lottery-ticket, which was to bring luck.

"How uncomfortable I felt! I had a pain inside me, just as if I were going to pieces. I knew I should be called false, and be flung away in the presence of lots of Shillings and other Coins, lying there with inscriptions and faces which they might be proud

of. I escaped, however—there were so many people at the collector's, and he was so busy—and I fell ringing into the drawer with the other Coins. Whether the ticket afterwards won, I don't know: only this I know, that next day I was detected as a false Coin, put apart, and once more sent out to deceive, and always to deceive. And really this is unbearable if one is of a true character, which, I must say, I am.

"For a year and six weeks, I went from hand to hand, from house to house; always abused, never wel-

comed; nobody had faith in me, and I had no faith in myself, no faith in the world: it was a hard time.

"Then one day came a traveller; and he, of course, had to be cheated with me. He confidingly took me for current coin; but when he had to spend me again, I once more heard the cries, 'Good for nothing! False!'

"'It was paid to me as good money,' said the man, examining me very closely; but then he smiled all over his face; this, nobody else used

to do when they looked nearer at me. 'Nay, but what's this, though!' said he. 'Why, it's one of our country's Coins—a good honest Shilling from home, that somebody has bored a hole through, and now calls false. How funny! I'll keep you, though, and take you home with me.'

"Joy thrilled through me! I was called 'a good honest Shilling;' and I was to go home, where everybody would acknowledge me, and know I was of good silver and genuine stamp! Truly, I could have sparkled for joy; only it isn't my

nature to sparkle; it's steel which does that—not silver.

"I was wrapped in fine white paper, so as not to be mixed with other Coins and be paid away; and only on festival occasions, when fellow-countrymen met, I was shown and praised. They said I was interesting: it's funny, indeed, that one can be interesting without saying a single word.

"And then I went home. All my troubles had an end, and my happiness began. Why, I was of good silver, after all: I had the genuine

stamp; and it wasn't at all to my disadvantage that a hole had been made in me to mark me as false: when one is not, it doesn't matter. Only hold out: all will in time have their right. This is now my creed," said the Coin.

THE BISHOP OF BÖRGLUM AND HIS KINSMAN.

THE BISHOP OF BÖRGLUM AND HIS KINSMAN.

NOW we are in Jutland, far beyond the Wild Moor; we can hear the roaring of the Western "Wow-wow";* we are quite near it, but before us rises a large sand-hill; we have seen it long since, and we are driving towards it, slowly we

* A name which the Jutlanders often apply to the North Sea, comparing its sound to the deep baying of dogs.—*Translators.*

drive through the deep sand. Up on the sand-hill stands a large old mansion; it is Börglum Cloister, and the largest wing of it is still a church. It is late in the evening when we arrive there, but it is yet clear and light, and we see far around, away over field and moor down to Aalborg Fjord, over heath and meadow, straight away over to the dark blue sea.

Now we are up there; our carriage rattles on between barns and stables, and turns through the gates into the yard of the old manor-house,

where the lime-trees stand in rows along the walls: there they have shelter from wind and rough weather, and therefore they have grown till their branches nearly cover the windows.

We ascend the winding stone-stairs, and walk through the long passages under the timber-work ceiling. The wind whistles here so strangely—whether indoors or outside, one hardly knows; and then people tell—well, people tell so many strange things, and one sees so many things if one is afraid or wishes to

frighten others. They tell how the old Canons, dead long ago, glide silently past into the church, where the mass is sung; it is heard in the sighing wind; one feels strangely influenced by it, and thinks of olden times—thinks till one seems to live in them.

There is a wreck on the shore, and the Bishop's men are down at it; they did not spare those whom the sea had spared: the waves wash away the red blood that runs from the broken skulls. Stranded goods belong to the

Bishop, and here are many goods. The sea dashes on shore, ankers and barrels filled with costly wine for the cellars of the Cloister, and plenty of beer and mead is already there; in the kitchen is abundance of venison, sausage and ham; and outside in the ponds, swim the fat carp and the dainty crucian. The Bishop of Börglum is a powerful man; he owns land, and he covets more; all must bend to Oluf Glob. A wealthy kinsman of his died in Thy; and the widow had to own the truth of the saying, "Kinsman is hardest upon

kinsman." Her husband was lord of all the land around, save that belonging to the Church. Her son is in foreign countries; while merely a boy he was, according to his own wish, sent abroad to see foreign customs. For years no tidings have come from him; perhaps he is dead and laid in his grave, and will never come back to be master where his mother now rules.

"What? Is a woman to rule?" says the Bishop; and he sends her a summons to appear at the Court; but of what avail is that to him?

She has never swerved from the law; and her strength is in her righteous cause.

Bishop Oluf, of Börglum, what art thou brooding over? What art thou writing on the glossy parchment? What art thou hiding behind seal and tape, while thou givest it to horseman and swain, who ride with it out of the country far away to the Pope's city?

It is the time of the falling leaves —the time of shipwrecks; now comes the icy-cold winter.

Twice it came, and the second

time there were welcome greetings for the horseman and swain, who returned from Rome, bringing with them a letter from the Pope—a bull of excommunication for the widow who dared to offend the pious Bishop: "Cursed be she and all that is hers! An outcast be she in the Church and in the community! Let no one give her a helping hand; let kinsmen and friends shun her as the plague and leprosy!"

"That which will not bend shall be broken," says the Bishop of Börglum.

They all forsake her, but she does

not forsake her God; He is her Safeguard and Defender.

One servant only, an old maid, continues faithful; with her she goes behind the plough; and the crop grows, though the land was cursed by Pope and Bishop.

"Thou child of hell, yet I will have my way," says the Bishop of Börglum: "I touch thee now with the Pope's hand, and summon thee to judgment."

Then she puts to the carriage the two last oxen she owns, sits up with her maid, and drives along the heath

out of the Danish country. As a stranger she goes to foreign countries, where foreign languages are spoken and foreign customs practised; far away she travels, where the green hills rise to mountains and the vine grows. Travelling merchants drive along, looking fearfully from their ware-laden waggons, lest they should be attacked by the robber-baron's men; but the two poor women in that wretched vehicle, dragged by the two black oxen, drive safely through the infested ravines and the thick forests. She comes to Franken.

THE WIDOW AND HER MAID.

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Here she meets a stately knight, followed by twelve harnessed swains. He stops and looks at the strange turn-out, and asks the two women what is the end of their journey, and what is the country whence they come. Then the younger one names Thy, in Denmark, and tells of her sorrow and misery; but now that comes to an end; for so the Lord has willed it. The foreign knight is her son. He gives her his hand, and clasps her to his breast; and the mother weeps; this, she has not been able to do for years, but only to bite

her lips till the warm blood-drops trickled forth.

It is the time of the falling leaves; it is the time of shipwrecks. The sea rolls on shore casks of wine for the Bishop's cellar and kitchen; over the blazing fire the spitted game is roasting; and the Bishop's rooms are cosy and warm now the winter is biting hard. Then news is heard:—Iens Glob, of Thy, has returned with his mother: Iens Glob summons the Bishop before the Ecclesiastical Council — before the Court and Council of the Country.

"That will avail him much," says the Bishop. "Better leave off thy quarrelling, Sir Iens."

Another year has come, and once more it is the time of the falling leaves—the time of shipwrecks; now comes the icy-cold winter; the white bees swarm, and sting the face till they melt themselves.

"It's brisk weather to-day," the people say when they have been out-doors. Iens Glob stands so deep in thought that he scorches his long coat—nay, he burns a hole in it.

"Thou Bishop of Börglum, I shall

yet master thee. Under the Pope's cloak, the law cannot reach thee; Iens Glob shall reach thee, however."

Then he writes a letter to his brother-in-law, Sir Oluf Hase, of Salling, summoning him to come on Christmas Eve to vespers at Hvidberg church: there the Bishop will read the mass; for that purpose he is going from Börglum to Thy, and that, Iens Glob well knows.

Meadows and moors are covered with ice and snow which bear both horse and rider — bear the whole

train—the Bishop, with clerks and footmen; they ride the shortest way, among the frail rushes, where the wind whispers so mournfully.

Blow on thy brazen trumpet, thou foxskin-clothed player! It sounds well in the clear air. So they ride on over heath and moor—that meadow-garden of Fata-Morgana during the warm summer-days—going southwards towards Hvidberg church.

The Wind blows harder on his trumpet; he blows a storm, which increases in violent rage. To God's house, the train goes onward in the

midst of that Wind of God. God's house stands firmly; but God's Wind sweeps away over field and moor, over fjord and sea. Börglum's Bishop reaches the church; but surely Sir Oluf Hase can hardly get there, however fast he may ride. He is coming with his men on the other side, to help Iörgen Glob now the Bishop is to be summoned to the judgment of the Highest.

God's house is the Court of Judgment; the altar-table is the bar of justice; in the heavy brazen candlesticks the lights are lit. The Storm reads charge and sentence, as it howls

through the air over moor and heath —away over the rolling sea. No ferry crosses the Fjord in such fearful weather.

Oluf Hase stands by Otte Sound; there he dismisses his men, leaves them horse and harness, gives them furlough to go home, and sends greetings to his wife: alone he will risk his life in the roaring water; but his men shall bear witness that it was not his fault when Iens Glob stood without succour in Hvidberg church. But his faithful men will not leave him: they follow him into the deep

water. Ten of them are washed away: Oluf Hase himself and two of his boys reach the opposite shore; but they have still twenty miles to ride.

It is past midnight; it is Christmas Eve. The storm has subsided; the church is lit up, and the radiant light shines through the windows, away over meadow and heath. The vesper-hymn has ceased long since; in God's house all is still; one can hear the dripping of the wax from the candles on the flag-stones of the floor. Now comes Oluf Hase.

In the church-armoury, Iens Glob meets him with, "Good-day; now I have made peace with the Bishop."

"That, hast thou done?" says Oluf; "then neither thou nor the Bishop shall go out of this church with your lives!"

And Oluf Hase's sword flashes from the scabbard, and strikes and splits the planks of the church-door, which Iens Glob slammed between them.

"Leave off, dear brother-in-law, and wait to see how I have made peace! I have slain the Bishop and

all his men. They will never speak another word in the case; neither shall I have any more to say about all the harm done to my mother."

The wicks of the tapers on the altar glare so red, but something redder glares from the floor: there, in his blood, lies the Bishop, with broken skull; his men are slain; and all is still on the holy Christmas-night.

But on the third Christmas Eve, the knell tolls out from Börglum cloister; and the murdered Bishop and his slain men are laid in state,

under a black canopy with crape-covered candelabra. In a mantle of silver tissue, with the crosier in his powerless hand, lies the dead—he, the once mighty lord. The incense fumes and the monks sing; it sounds like wailing, like words of doom and wrath, as if it must be heard far away over the country, sung by the wind, borne on the wings of the wind; it may go to rest for a while, but it never dies, always it rises again—that mournful song. It is heard even in our time; up here it tells of the Bishop of Börglum and

his hard kinsman. The timid peasant hears it in the dark night, when he drives past Börglum cloister, along the heavy, sandy road; he who lies sleepless and listening in Börglum's thick-walled rooms hears it; and he hears a rustling in the long resounding passages leading to the church. The entrance to it was locked and walled up long ago, but to the eyes of Superstition a door is still there; it opens, the lights beam from the brazen chandeliers, the incense fumes, and again the church shines in the splendour of olden time, and the

monks sing the mass over the murdered Bishop, who lies there in the mantle of silver tissue, with the crosier in his powerless hand, while from his proud pale brow glares the bloody wound ;—it glares like fire—it is the worldly mind and the evil lusts that are being burned away.

Sink into the grave, sink into night and forgetfulness, ye gloomy memorials of olden times !

Listen to the gusts of wind : the roaring of the sea is drowned by them. There is a storm, and lives

will be lost! The Sea has not changed its mind with modern times. To-night, it is all mouth for swallowing up; and to-morrow perhaps it will be only a clear eye reflecting one's image—just as in those olden times. Sleep quietly, if you can.

Now it is morning.

Modern Time shines sunnily into the room; but the wind takes hard grasps yet; and we hear tidings of a wreck on the shore, just as in Olden Time.

Last night, down by Lökken—that little fishing-town, with red-roofed

houses, we can see from the windows —a ship was wrecked. It ran aground some distance from the shore, but the rocket from the life-boat made a bridge between the wreck and the firm land, and all on board were saved; they came ashore and were put to bed, and now to-day they are invited to Börglum Cloister. In the cosy rooms they find hospitality, kindly eyes greet them, and they are welcomed in their native tongue; tunes of their home-land sound from the piano; and ere these have died away another chord is vibrating—

soundless, and yet so full-toned and firm: the messenger of thoughts goes to the home of the shipwrecked men in the foreign land, and tells they are saved; then the heart feels light, and there will be dancing at the feast this evening in the servants' hall at Börglum. We will have waltz and country-dance; and we will sing of Denmark and "the Brave Soldiers" of Modern Time.

Blessed be thou, Modern Time! Ride with summer into town on the purified air-streams! Let thy sun-

beams shine into hearts and thoughts, while on thy radiant surface float away the gloomy traditions from those harsh stern times!

IN THE NURSERY.

IN THE NURSERY.

THE father and mother and all the sisters and brothers had gone to the theatre, and only little Anna and her godfather were sitting at home.

"We, too, will have a play," said he; "and it may begin at once."

"But we have no stage," said Anna, "and we have nobody who can act: my old doll can't, for she's

so nasty, and my new one mustn't have her smart clothes crumpled."

"One can always find actors if one will only take those at hand," said Godfather. "Now, we'll raise the stage. Here, we set up a book, there, another, and there, one more. Now, three on the other side; there we have the scene: the old box that stands here will do for the drop-scene —we turn the bottom of it outwards. The scene represents a room, as everybody may see, of course. Now, we must have the actors. Let's see what we can find in the toy-drawer.

IN THE NURSERY.

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First comes the actor; next we can make the piece: the one will then hold up the other, and all will be capital. Here's a pipe-bowl, and here's an odd glove; they'll do very nicely for a father and daughter."

"But they make only two persons," said little Anna. "Here's my brother's old waistcoat—couldn't that take a part?"

"It's big enough, certainly," said Godfather. "It shall be the lover. It has empty pockets; and to have these, is to be half unfortunate in love; which is always interesting.

And here we have the nut-cracker's boot, with spurs on it. Lightning, thunder, and Mazurka! how he can stamp and hold up his head! He shall be the troublesome suitor, whom the young lady doesn't like. Now, what sort of play would you like to have?—a tragedy, or a domestic play?"

"A domestic play," said little Anna; "the others are all so fond of those. Do you know one?"

"I know hundreds," said Godfather. "Those best liked are from the French; but they're not proper

for little girls to see. We may take one of the nicest of them, however, though at bottom they're all alike. Now I shake the box. Hocus-pocus! change! brand-new! Now they are brand-new. Now, listen; here's the play-bill." And Godfather took up a newspaper, and pretended to read from it:—

"'PIPE-BOWL AND CLEVER-HEAD;
A DOMESTIC PLAY, IN ONE ACT.

Persons represented.

MR. PIPE-BOWL.
MISS GLOVE—*Mr. Pipe-bowl's daughter.*
MR. WAISTCOAT—*Miss Glove's lover.*
VON BOOT—*Miss Glove's suitor.*'

"And now we begin. The curtain

rises—we have no curtain; but we'll suppose it's raised already. All the persons are on the stage, so we have them at once. Now I'll speak as Mr. Pipe-bowl. He's cross to-day; one can see he is smoked meerschaum.

"'Bosh! trash! stuff! I'm master in my own house! I'm the father of my daughter! Please listen to what I say! Von Boot's a person one may look upon as a model; his upper part is morocco, and he has spurs on his lower part. Stuff and nonsense! He shall have my daughter.'

"Now you must pay attention to Mr. Waistcoat, Anna, dear; now Mr. Waistcoat's going to speak. He has a turned-down collar, and is very modest; he knows his own worth, however, and has quite a right to say what he's going to say.

"'I am quite spotless. My quality, too, must be taken into consideration: I am real silk, and I wear cords.'

"'On the wedding-day, and no longer; they won't wash.' It's Mr. Pipe-bowl who is speaking now. 'Von Boot's water-proof, strong-skinned, and yet so soft; he can

creak, clatter with his spurs, and has Italian features.'"

"But I wish they would speak in verses," said little Anna; "I've heard it's so beautiful."

"Well, they can do so," said Godfather: "it is the actor's task to do what the audience ask. There, look at little Miss Glove—how she stretches her fingers,

'Far better to be a lonely glove
For ever and ever than have to love
Such a one as he!
I cannot endure a life so accursed!
My leather, alas! is beginning to burst!'—

'What foolery!'

It was Mr. Pipe-bowl who spoke last; now Mr. Waistcoat speaks,—

> 'Beloved, though I should see
> Each finger burst in thee,
> I swear by mighty Holger
> My bride thou still shalt be!'

Von Boot kicks, stamps on the floor, clatters with his spurs, and knocks down three of the coulisses."

"Really, it's beautiful!" said little Anna.

"Hush! hush!" said Godfather; "silent approbation shows that one belongs to the fashionable audience in the dress-circle. Now,

Miss Glove sings her bravura with cracks,—

> 'I cannot speak my mighty woe,
> And so I now must squeal and crow,
> Kuckle-ah-keelah! Kuckle-ah-keelah-ko!'

Now comes the exciting part, Anna, dear; and that's what is most im portant in a play. Now, look! Mr. Waistcoat unbuttons himself, and directs his speech straight at you, to make you clap; but pray don't; it's not fashionable. Hark, how his silk rustles! We have come to the climax! Look! Now comes the intrigue! '*You* are Pipe-bowl; I am

Clever-head — Quick! now you're done for!' Did you see it, Anna, dear? It's excellent—both scenery and acting: Mr. Waistcoat took hold on old Pipe-bowl, and put him in his pocket; there he lies, and Waistcoat speaks:

"'You're in my pocket!—in my deepest pocket! Never shall you come out again till you have promised to unite me to your daughter—Glove, to the left hand; I give my right hand.'"

"It's awfully pretty," said little Anna.

"And now old Pipe-bowl answers:

'My brain is turning o'er and o'er!
Which is the ceiling? which the floor?
My senses, will ye come no more?
Dear tube, for thee I long so sore!
I never felt so strangely weak!
Alas! I know not how to speak!
Oh! take again my head
Out of thy pocket drear,
And thou shalt surely wed
My only daughter dear!'"

"Is the play already over?" asked Anna.

"Oh dear! no," said Godfather; "it's only over with Mr. Boot. The lovers kneel; and then one of them sings,—

'Father!'

And the other one,

> 'Oh! take again thy head,
> And give thy blessing ere we wed!'

They get his blessing, and are married; and the Furniture sings in chorus,—

> 'Crack, creak! we must say
> Many thanks for the play!
> All's over for to-day!'

And then we clap, and call them before the curtain all together—the Furniture, too; it's mahogany."

"Is our play now as good as the one the others have seen in the real theatre?"

"Our play is much better," replied Godfather; "it's shorter, it's translated freely, and it has passed the evening till tea-time."

THE GOLDEN TREASURE.

THE GOLDEN TREASURE.

THE drummer's wife went to church, and saw the new altar with pictures and carved angels; they were so pretty—both those on the canvas in colours and glory, and those carved in wood and painted and gilded. Their hair shone like gold and sunshine, beautiful to look at; but God's sunshine was still more beautiful; it shone brighter and

redder between the dark trees when the sun went down. Beautiful it was to look into God's face! and she looked into the red sun, and had such heart-felt thoughts as she did so —thoughts of the little one the stork was going to bring her, and she felt so happy; she looked and looked, wishing the child might take beauty from it, and be like one of the shining angels in the altar-piece.

And when she now really held in her arms her little child, and lifted it up to the father, it was to behold like one of the angels in the church;

the hair was like gold; the tinge of the setting sun was spread over it.

"My golden treasure, my wealth, my sunny day!" said the mother, kissing the shining curls; and it sounded like music and song in the drummer's room; there were joy and life and stir. The drummer beat a roll—a roll of joy: the Drum was beaten—the Fire-drum was beaten:—

"Red hair! The baby has red hair! trust the drum-skin, and not what your mother says! drummelom! drummelom!"

And the Town talked as the Fire-drum talked.

The boy was taken to church and baptized. As to his name, no objection could be made: Peter, he was called. The whole Town and the Drum too called him Peter—the drummer's boy with the red hair; but his mother kissed him on his red hair, and called him "Golden-treasure."

On the clayey walls of the ravine, many had traced their names, that they might be remembered.

"Fame," said the drummer, "that's something, too;" and so he traced his own name and that of his little son there.

And the swallows came. They had on their long journeys seen more lasting inscriptions cut in the cliff-side on the temple's wall in Hindoostan—great achievements of mighty kings—immortal names, so old that nobody now can read or pronounce them.

Nominal value, celebrity!

In the ravine built the sand-martins; they bored holes into the

walls; and the rain and drizzle crumbled and washed away the names—those of the drummer and his little son among the rest.

"Peter's name, however, remained there a year and a half," said the father.

"Fools!" thought the Fire-drum; but he said only, "drummelom, drum!"

He was a bright, cheerful boy—"that drummer's boy with the red hair." A fine voice he had, too, and sing he could, and sing he did, like the birds in the

forest: there was tune and yet no tune.

"He must be a chorister," said the mother,—"sing in the church, and stand under those beautiful gilded angels whom he's like."

"Carroty-poll!" said the witty fellows of the town. The Drum heard it from the women in the neighbourhood.

"Don't go home, Peter," cried the street-boys. "When you sleep in the attic, there's a fire in the upper story, and then the fire-drum will be beaten."

"Beware of the drum-sticks!" answered Peter; and, little though he was, he boldly attacked the boys, and struck his fist straight into the chest of the nearest one till he lost his standing; and then the other boys stirred *their* sticks—their own sticks.

The town-musician was a person of rank—the son of a royal plate-keeper, and quite a great man. He liked Peter, took him home for hours together, gave him a violin, and taught him music: the boy seemed to have it at his finger-ends: he

might become more than a drummer; he might become a town-musician.

"I'll be a soldier," said Peter; for he was yet only a little fellow, and thought it was the finest thing in the world to carry a gun and march thus, "One, two! one, two!" and wear uniform and sabre.

"You shall learn to obey the drum-skin! drummelom! come, come!" said the Drum.

"Yes, if he could march upwards and become a General," said the father; "but then there must be war."

"From that, may God keep us!" said the mother.

"We shouldn't have anything to lose," said the father.

"Well, we have my boy, at any rate."

"But when he came home a General?"

"Without arms and legs; nay, leave me my Golden Treasure with whole limbs."

"Drum! drum! drum!" The Fire-drum was beaten. There was a war. The soldiers went away, and the drummer's boy went with them.

"Carroty-poll! Golden Treasure!" The mother wept; the father already saw him "famous;" and the town-musician thought he ought not to have gone to the war, but to have stayed at home with the band.

"Carroty-poll," said the soldiers, and Peter laughed; but when somebody or other said, "Sly Fox," he pressed his lips together and looked forwards into the wide world: that nickname did not strike home to him.

The boy was clever, his spirit

dauntless, and his temper good; and this is the best camp-bottle, his old comrades said.

In rain and drizzle, wet to the skin, he had for many a night to lie in the open air under the canopy of the sky; but his good temper stayed with him, and the drum-sticks beat, "Drummelom! Every man get up!" Yes, he was indeed born a drummer.

It was a battle-day; the sun had not yet risen, but it was morning; the air was cold and the battle hot; there was a mist in the air, but still more vapour from the gunpowder.

Bullets and grenades flew away over heads and into heads, bodies, and limbs; but onwards the brave men went. One after another dropped on his knees with bloody temples and deadly pale face; but the little drummer still kept his fresh colour, and with a bright, happy face he looked at the dog of the regiment, which was bounding before him quite merrily, as if all were fun and the bullets were falling only for him to play with.

"March! forwards, march!" were the words of command arranged for

the drum; and those words were not to be recalled; still they can be recalled, and there may be great wisdom in recalling them; and now, "Backwards," was the order. But the little drummer beat, "March, forwards!" for thus he understood the command; and the soldiers obeyed the drum-skin. They were good drum-beats: they became beats of victory to those who would have retreated.

Lives and limbs were lost in that battle. The grenade tears off the flesh in bloody pieces; the grenade

sets fire to the bundle of straw where the wounded soldier has crept, to lie forsaken for many hours—forsaken, perhaps, for life. Well, it is of no use thinking of it! And yet one does think of it, even far away from the battle-field, in the quiet town; there the drummer and his wife thought of it; for was not Peter in the war?

"Now, I'm tired of that whimpering," said the Fire-drum.

It was a battle-day; the sun had not yet risen, but it was morning. The drummer and his wife slept, which

they had hardly done during the whole night; they had been talking of their son; for was he not away out there, "in God's hands?" And the father dreamed the war was ended, the soldiers had come home, and Peter had the Silver Cross on his breast; but the mother dreamed that she went into the church, and saw the pictures and the carved angels with golden hair; and her own dear boy, her heart's golden treasure, stood in white robes among the angels, singing so sweetly, as surely none but angels can sing, and with them he

arose in the sunshine and looked lovingly down on his mother.

"My Golden Treasure!" she exclaimed, and at the same moment awoke. "Now, our Lord has taken him!" she said; and she leaned her head against the chintz curtains of the bed, folded her hands, and wept. "Where does he now rest, among those many in the large grave they dig for the dead? Perhaps down in the deep water of the marsh! No one knows his grave! God's words are not read over it!" And our Lord's prayer passed silently over

her lips; her head bent down—she was so weary—and she slept.

Days fly away, in life and in dreams.

It drew towards evening; and over the battle-field a rainbow rose, touching the outskirts of the wood and the deep marsh. It is said, and kept in the popular belief, that where a rainbow touches the earth a treasure is buried—a golden treasure. Here, too, one was lying; but nobody thought of the little drummer save his mother, and so that dream came to her.

And days fly away, in life and in dreams.

Not one hair of his head was hurt —not one golden hair. "Drummerom, drummerom, it is he! it is he!" the Drum might have said and his mother have sung, if she had known or dreamed it.

With the wreaths of victory, and with singing and hurrahs, the soldiers went homewards when the war was over and peace was made. The dog of the regiment gambolled before them in great circles, as if he wanted to make the way thrice as long as it was.

And days passed away, and weeks, too, and Peter stepped into his parents' room; he was as brown as an Indian, his eyes were bright, and his face beamed like sunshine. And the mother clasped him in her arms, kissing his lips, his eyes, and his red hair. She had her boy once more; he had no Silver Cross, as the father had dreamed, but he had whole limbs, as the mother did not dream. And there was joy; they laughed and they wept; and Peter embraced the old Fire-drum.

"Why, there's still the old Drum!"

said he; and the father beat a roll on it.

"It's just as if there were a great fire," said the Fire-drum—"fire in the roof, fire in the hearts, Golden Treasure! drum! rum! rum!"

And then? Well, what then? Only ask the town-musician.

"Peter quite outgrows the Drum," said he; "Peter will become greater than I;" and yet he was the son of a royal plate-keeper; but all that he had learned in his whole life, Peter had learned in half a year.

There was something about him so confiding, so truly good. His eyes shone, and his hair shone—that cannot be denied.

"Why doesn't he have his hair dyed?" said a neighbour's wife. "The policeman's daughter had hers done, and it came out beautifully; and she got engaged."

"But her hair turned as green as duck-weed directly afterwards, and has always to be dyed again."

"She can afford it," replied the neighbour's wife; "and so can Peter. He visits at the first houses—even at

THE DRUMMER AND MISS LOTTE.

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the Burgomaster's, and teaches Miss Lotte to play the piano."

And how he could play! Ay, play out of his own heart the most beautiful pieces, that had never been written on any music-paper. He played in the light nights and in the dark ones, too. It was unbearable, said the neighbours and the Fire-drum.

Peter played till his thoughts were lifted up, and great plans for the future rose within him: fame!

And the Burgomaster's Lotte was sitting by the piano; her slender

fingers danced away over the keys till the music sounded straight into Peter's heart; and it seemed to swell and grow too large, and this happened, not once, but many times. Then one day, he seized those slender fingers and that finely-formed hand, and pressed them to his lips, and looked into her large brown eyes: God knows what he said; we others are permitted to guess it. Lotte turned crimson all over her neck and shoulders, but not one word did she answer; there came just then a visitor into the room—the son of the

Councillor, who had a high shiny forehead and a bald pate. And Peter stayed with them a long while, and Lotte's kindest looks were for him.

In the evening, when he was at home, he talked of the wide world, and the golden treasure laid up for him in his violin.

Fame!

"Drummelom, fool, fool, fool!" said the Fire-drum. "Now Peter's quite out of his mind! there's a fire in the house, I think."

The mother went to the market next day.

"Have you heard the news, Peter?" she asked when she came back—"pleasant news? The Burgomaster's Lotte is engaged to the Councillor's son; 'twas settled last evening."

"No!" exclaimed Peter, jumping up from his chair. The mother said, Yes, however; and she had it from the barber's wife, whose husband heard it straight from the Burgomaster's own mouth.

And Peter grew deadly pale, and sat down again.

"God in heaven! what's the matter?" asked the mother.

"Nothing! nothing! only leave me alone!" he answered, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My own child! my Golden Treasure!" said the mother, weeping; but the Fire-drum sang, though not aloud—only to himself,

"'*Lotte ist todt! Lotte ist todt!*'

Well, now that song's come to an end."

The song had not come to an end, however; there were many long verses left—the most beautiful ones—life's golden treasure.

"She makes quite a fool of herself," said the neighbour's wife; "she will have everybody read the letters she gets from her 'Golden Treasure,' and hear what the papers tell about him and his violin. Money, he sends her, too; and that, she needs, now she's left a widow."

"He plays before Emperors and Kings," said the town-musician. "That didn't fall to my lot; but he's my pupil, and won't forget his old master."

"His father dreamed, indeed,"

said the mother, "that Peter came home from the war with the Silver Cross on his breast; but he didn't get it in the war; there, I daresay it's harder to get. Now he has got the Cross of Knighthood. If his father had but lived to see that!"

"Famous!" said the Fire-drum, and the Town said so, too: the drummer's son—Peter they had seen as a little one with wooden shoes—seen as a drummer, playing at dancing-parties—famous!

"He played before us ere he

played before Kings," said the Burgomaster's lady. "Then he was quite smitten with Lotte—he always looked high—at that time, it seemed quite impudent and absurd. My husband laughed when he heard that nonsense. Now, Lotte is a Councillor's wife."

A golden treasure had been laid in the heart and soul of the poor child who when a little drummer beat, "March, forwards!"—beats of victory to those who would have retreated. There lay in his breast a golden treasure—the fount of melo-

dies; it sounded forth from the violin as if an organ were within it—as if all the fairies of a midsummer-night were dancing along the strings; one seemed to hear the warbling of the thrush and the full clear tones of the human voice. His music enraptured every heart, and his name was borne over all lands.

"And then he's so handsome," said the young ladies, and the old ones, too: nay, the oldest of all got an album for locks of famous people's hair, only to have an opportunity of asking the young violinist

to give her one of his rich beautiful curls—a treasure—a golden treasure.

And into the drummer's poor room stepped the son—fine as a prince and happier than a king. His eyes shone, and his face was bright like sunshine. And he held his mother in his arms, and she kissed his warm lips and wept for joy; and he nodded to each old piece of furniture in the room—to the chest of drawers with its china and flower-vases; he nodded to the turn-up-bedstead wherein he had slept while

a little one; but the old Fire-drum he fetched, and placed in the middle of the room, and, addressing both the mother and the Drum, he said,

"What a roll father would have beaten to-day! Well, now I shall have to do it."

And he beat a perfect thunder-storm; and the Drum felt so honoured that his skin actually burst.

"He has a fine fist for beating," said the Drum. "Now, I shall always have something to remember him by; I expect mother, too, is

going to burst for joy over her 'Golden Treasure.'"

This is the tale of the "Golden Treasure."

THE STORM MOVES THE SIGN-BOARDS.

THE STORM MOVES THE SIGNBOARDS.

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THE STORM MOVES THE SIGN-BOARDS.

IN olden times, when Grandfather was quite a little boy and wore red trousers and a red jacket, with a sash round his waist, and a feather in his cap—for thus in his childhood little boys were dressed when they were very smart—so many things were different from what they are now. There were often pageants

in the street—such ones as we do not see now-a-days, for these things are abolished: they became so old-fashioned; but pleasant it is to hear Grandfather tell of them.

It must indeed have been a show when the shoemakers moved sign-boards, when they changed Corporation-hall. On their waving silk banner were painted a large boot and a two-headed eagle; the younger journeymen, with red and white ribbons fluttering down from their shirt-sleeves, carried the welcome-cup and the box; the older ones wore

drawn swords with lemons on the points. There was a full band, but the finest of all the instruments was "the Bird," as Grandfather called the long pole with the half-moon, with all its ringing, tinkling and dangling things—real Turkish music. It was lifted and swung, and it almost hurt the eyes to look at it when the sun shone upon all that gold, silver and brass.

Before the procession ran Harlequin, in clothes made of patches of every possible colour, and with black face, and bells on his head just like a

sledge-horse; and he beat the people with his wand, that smacked without hurting, and they squeezed each other to get onwards; little boys and girls fell over their own legs straight down into the gutters; while old dames elbowed their way, looking cross and scolding. Some laughed, others chatted; there were people on the steps and in the windows—nay, even on the roofs. The sun shone; now and then, indeed, a little rain fell, but that was a good thing for the farmer; and even if enough fell to make the people wringing-wet,

why, that was a true blessing to the land.

Ah! what things Grandfather could tell! He had, when a little boy, seen all that grand show in its fullest splendour. The oldest journeyman of the Corporation delivered a speech from the scaffold where the sign-board was hung out; the speech ran in verses just like a piece of poetry, which, indeed, it was; there had been three about it, and before making it they had drunk a whole bowl of punch, so that it might be really good. And the people gave cheers

for the speech, but still more cheers for the Harlequin when he appeared on the scaffold and mimicked the speaker. The fool did his foolery so capitally, and drank mead from dram-glasses, which he then flung out among the people, who grasped them in the air. Grandfather had one of them, which the mortar-mixer had caught and given him. It was fun, indeed. And the sign-board hung, with flowers and wreaths, on the new Corporation-hall.

Such a sight, one never forgets, however old one becomes, Grand-

father said; and he, indeed, never forgot it, though afterwards he saw much show and grandeur, and knew how to tell about it; but funniest of all it was, when he told of the moving of the sign-boards in the great city.

Grandfather had been there with his parents while he was a little boy; and that was the first time he saw the largest town of the country.

Such a number of people were in the streets, that he thought the "Moving of the Sign-boards" was just then going on; and there were

many sign-boards to be moved: one might have filled hundreds of rooms with these pictures if they had been hung up inside instead of out-doors. Thus, there were all kinds of garments painted where the tailors lived; they could change people till they became genteel instead of vulgar. There were tobacconists' sign-boards with the most charming little boys, smoking cigars just as they do in reality; there were sign-boards with butter and red herrings, clergymen's ruffs, and coffins; and besides there were other sign-boards with

inscriptions and announcements. Indeed, one might go for a whole day up and down the streets and be gratified by looking at pictures; and then at the same time one learned what people those were who lived inside: they had themselves hung their signs outside; and this is a very good thing, Grandfather said: in a large town it is so instructive to know what is indoors.

Well, then, that funny affair with the sign-boards happened just as Grandfather came to town; he said so himself, and he was not then thinking

of any mischief, as mother used to say he was when he wanted to make a fool of me—he looked quite trustworthy.

The first night after he had come to the great town, there was as awful weather as has ever been told about in the papers—such weather as there had not been within the memory of man. All the air was filled with tiles; old wooden fences were overturned; nay, there was a wheel-barrow that ran by itself along the street to save its life. There was a howling in the air, and a wailing and shaking; it was, indeed, a terrible storm. The water in the

canal ran quite over the banks, not knowing where it dared be. The Storm went swooping over the town, taking the chimneys with him; more than one grand old church-spire had to bend, and has never been quite right since.

There stood a Sentry-box before the house of the honest old captain of the fire-men—he who was always the last with his engine; the Storm grudged him that little Box, and it was flung down the steps, and rolled along the street; and then—strange to say—it arose and remained stand-

ing before the house where lived the poor carpenter's apprentice who saved the lives of three persons the last time there was a fire; but the Sentry-box did not mean anything by this. The barber's sign-board—a large brazen dish—was pulled down and moved straight into the Councillor's window-recess; and this seemed almost like malice, said all the neighbours, who, with the most intimate lady-friends of the family, called the mistress "the Razor"—she was so sharp, and knew more about people than they knew themselves.

A sign-board with a rough-drawn dry stock-fish flew straight on till it stood over the door of a house where lived a man who edited a newspaper. That was a poor joke of the Storm-wind; he did not remember, I dare say, that a man who edits newspapers is not at all a person to be joked with: he is a king in his own paper and in his own opinion.

The Weather-cock flew over to the roof of the opposite neighbour's house, and stayed there—in the blackest malice, the other neighbours said.

The cooper's cask got hung just under the sign for "Ladies' outfits."

The eating-house's bill of fare, which hung near the door in a heavy frame, was placed by the Storm just over the entrance to the theatre, where people never went; it was a funny bill:—"Horseradish-soup and Farced Cabbage;" but then the people came.

The furrier's fox-skin, which is his honest sign, was removed to the bell-wire of the young man who always went to the early morning service,

looking like an umbrella let down; followed the truth, and was "a pattern," his aunt said.

The inscription, "Establishment for Higher Education," was removed to the billiard-club; and the establishment itself got the board inscribed, "Babies brought up by hand here:" this was not at all witty—only naughty; but the Storm did it, and him we cannot control.

It was a terrible night; and—only think—in the morning almost all the sign-boards in the town were moved; and in some cases it was done with

so much malice, that Grandfather would not talk about them; but he laughed inwardly—that, I well saw, and perhaps he had then some mischievous thought.

The poor folks in the large town—especially those that were strangers—were quite puzzled to know "who was who;" and it could not be otherwise when they judged according to the sign-boards. Some folks who thought they were coming into a very grave meeting of elders, assembled to discuss the most important matters, came instead into

a school, full of noisy boys, nearly jumping upon the desks.

There were folks who mistook the church for the theatre; and that is indeed dreadful!

Such a Storm has never blown in our time; it is only Grandfather who lived to witness it, and then he was quite a little one; such a Storm perhaps never will come in our time, but in our grandchildren's; and then we must indeed hope and pray that they may keep quiet while "the Storm moves the Sign-boards."

THE END.

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